

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

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Charles Moore
Editor

Democratic Political and Religious Stolidity and Blood and Murder in Georgetown.

There is a lot of old religious hypocrites still living. I am sorry to say, who used to say to me that they would not mind my having my "peculiar religious notions" if I would only keep them to myself.

I sometimes answered by the contempt of silence, and sometimes replied that I would have no objection to their religion if they would keep it to themselves, and not be flaunting it in my face on every street corner, and from every hired pulpit and press.

After a while I got tired of talking theology as a gratuity, and concluded to try to turn a penny once in a while by writing some of it.

Then as soon as I didn't want to talk it, they changed their minds and liked to get me started on that subj. et.

When a fellow writes a newspaper every week, and keeps up his end of a big correspondence, and looks over sixty newspapers, and keeps himself up in the current literature of magazines and books, he don't haunter much after talking with the average man, as an intellectual recreation!

The other day I was sitting in the ladies' room at the Queen & Crescent station at Lexington, absorbed in a Democratic editorial, when a very bright and handsome Georgetown doctor walked up to me and said, "What is your opinion of the existence of a Deity?" His idea seemed to be that I could answer that question about as easily as I could give my opinion of the Chilian racket; whereas to do even such justice to the subject as even I am capable of doing, I should want an opera house or a church full of people, and several lectures of an hour and a half each in which to tell.

But of course I told him in the best style that the *entire* *circumstances*—that means the same as we used to do when we said *circumstances*—would allow, though of course, fragmentary and incongruous.

When I was safely delivered of the theological bantering, and was "doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances"—that is *entirements*, I remembered Mr. Blaine's great idea of *reciprocity*, and asked the Doctor what was his opinion of theology in general and in the concrete. I know a good many dictionary words, and whenever I can use one that I don't know the meaning of, I always notice that it impresses the other fellow.

The Doctor informed me that until recently he had been skeptical in his views, but that recently he had been converted to Christianity purely by the evidence in the case, and that now he was a member of the Campbellite church—that's what he called it—and a Sunday-school teacher.

I asked him what he had read. He said he had read the New Testament through, and was now starting the Old Testament.

Prohibition is the touchstone of all religion with me, and I asked him how he stood on the Prohibition question.

Then followed a lot of that eoruscating gerry-mandering that a pretty broad fellow always runs into, when he is trying to fool you without telling an old fashioned lie.

I had told him that I thought St. John would be our next candidate for President, and I had thought that to a mind deeply imbued with the religious sentiment there would be something specially attractive in a name so eminently apostolic.

But as soon as I mentioned the name St. John, he told me, with a chivalric shudder, that he would not vote for any man who had whipped his wife.

For a few moments it so flattered me out that our great champion of woman and Prohibition that I just collapsed, and began to look for something else to read in my newspaper.

Then I thought I would try him once more, just for luck, and I asked him where he got that piece of information about St. John thrashing Mrs. St. John—if she is a saint.

He was not exactly prepared to give the source of his information, but he insisted that it was generally admitted by the friends, male

and female, of the Ex-Governor that his regular mode of exercise was thrashing his wife.

Now remember that this gentleman was not a country bumpkin from way back, but a learned physician who used long dictionary words until they made my head swim, as I had not had any dinner, and was feeling a little rickety in consequence of the pathologic sympathy between my esophagus and cerebrum.

Next day I struck another sample of the material we have to work on.

There are millions of people who have not the courage to do right simply because it is right, but they will do it if they can get enough others to go in with them to make it popular. They always tell you they don't want to throw their votes away, but will vote for Prohibition when they think it has any chance to win.

To help people of this kind the National Prohibition Executive Committee, or the New York Voice, has gotten up what they call the "Million vote pledge."

In that pledge each man agrees to vote for the Prohibition candidates for President and Vice President in 1892, if a million men will promise to do the same thing. The blanks will be furnished to any body applying for them, free of cost, by the New York Voice or by me, or by many others and they are now being circulated all over the United States and getting signatures—by the thousands I suppose—every day and being sent to the New York Voice to be registered.

I was getting signatures to one of these pledges, and I went to a man who has been a professor in Georgetown college, and who is today one of the pillars and supports of the Baptist church here.

I presented him one of these blanks to see if he would sign it. There were on it only a few names, but they were the very best men in the town.

I did not know how he stood politically, but he was a nice good man and a good, generally intelligent citizen, and I thought he was probably a Prohibitionist. I noticed however that he did not sign the pledge. I asked him how he stood on the liquor traffic, and found he was frantically opposed to it. I still could not tell whether he was a Prohibitionist, and asked him if he voted for Fisk and Brooks.

He said no, and that he would not vote for any man who were "final failures." I said to him "Gen. Fisk was not only a success as a capitalist, but he was a humanitarian and has given away a thousand dollars where you have given ten, and I think that Mr. Brooks has gotten a fair salary as a preacher."

Then he began to hedge, and said he did not allude to their individual success, but to financial policy of their party. I asked him if he knew what the Prohibition national platform said upon the subject of finance and after some wriggling he admitted that he did not. "Then he said 'I object to all the *issus* in the Prohibition party.' I asked him what was *out* of its *issus*. He would not say, until I drove him to the wall, and then he got mad and said "Woman Suffrage;" and then I got mad and went on about my business.

It was pretty early in the morning—both of us were sober—and there was an election going on, Democrat against Democrat for some little two-for-five office, and as I started on to go to Lexington a man came up to him and asked him to go down to manage things at a certain voting place, and he said he would do so.

There was the usual whisky drinking of such days, and when I came back to Georgetown dark, just within a few steps of where that pillar of the church and I had talked, there lay a handsome young man dead, who had just fallen with several bullet holes in him. I came on to my house, and almost the last man I saw on the street was drunk, and at 3 o'clock next morning, Sunday, my wife and I were awakened by loud swearing of what seemed to be drunken men on the streets.

The man who was killed had not long ago killed a man in a saloon fight here, and had been pardoned out of the penitentiary by the Governor.

Do you think you can make me believe that men such as I was talking to have not sense enough to see the connection between their votes, and the whisky that flowed, and the blood that was flowing from that young man's heart? Never, as long as I have sound reason.

The people may call me a fanatic and a bulldozer, and say that I want everybody to believe my way, and am not willing for men to have their "opinions" while I have my "opinions."

It is not a question of opinion

but of fact, and you can neither wheedle nor brow beat, nor fist beat, nor stick beat, me into any admission that men who have the brains to fill important positions in learned professions can not see that their vote against Prohibition by voting for Democracy or any other party makes them *particeps criminis* in the death of that young man.

This whole town is politically and religiously so rotten that the buzzards hold their noses when they fly over it.

The Baptists run the town, and the President of the college here, runs the Baptists. They are building a church here, in which there is a thousand dollars of the money of a distiller. The most commendable institution in this state is the State college at Lexington.

The other day coming down on a train, that President made an elaborate argument to me against state education. He had before told me that he was opposed to Prohibition because it was for woman suffrage.

We want a college like Girard college, that would let a preacher put his foot in it.

At the Centennial I had a pass to go into Girard college. It had on it that no preacher was allowed to go into it. I said to the old door-keeper "I used to be a preacher but I am not now." He said "Well that's all right if you have repented of it," and bowed me in.

I suppose a thousand preachers violated the conditions of their permits and lied to get in there.

If they had been identified they ought to have been kicked out with a Bogardus kicker.

Lexington Needs a Woman Mayor.

The courage shown by Mrs. Paxton, Mayor of Kiowa, Kansas, in enforcing the law there is thus eulogized by the Cincinnati Post:

It will be becoming, and a just tribute to her excellence for every male mayor, in the United States to take off his hat, and bow reverently before Mrs. Paxton, the female Mayor of Kiowa, Kansas. She is a cold water but not a milk and water official; she is the quintessence of grit, and there isn't even an embryonic truckle in her composition. What she wills she wills, and "there's an end on it." The law was made to be enforced, and she sent out a brigade of deputy marshals to destroy all intoxicating liquors, and nail up the saloon-doors. Nearly the whole male town protested, and she never winked. The male town petitioned the Council earnestly to step into the breach and save them, but she told the Council to keep its mouth shut, and out of the trouble, and it did. Then the whole male town, with her own dear duck of a husband at the head of the petition, entreated her to resign, and she only smiled. They told her, she was running things into the ground and she replied, "that was just where the law authorized her to run the whisky, and she was running it." She was informed by the weak and unprotected males that she could never be elected mayor again, and she said she had been elected to enforce the law and it was the only bid she had to offer for votes. Then the thirsty Kiowans fell back on muscular argument, threatening to organize a mob and effect a local revolution, but she trumped this last card with a remark, delivered in direct feminine tones, that if her marshals should not be equal to the occasion she would ask the Governor of the State to call out the militia. The female Mayor of Kiowa is mistress of the situation. Yet there are some people who maintain that women would be an element of weakness in politics. Weakness? Why it is just such a womanly kind of law-enforcing Mayor that is wanted in most of the cities in this Union. She is not the sort of a woman Cincinnati has for a Mayor.—[The Organizer Indianapolis.]

The above account is written by an editor of one of the old run soaked parties and he has never shown any leaning, so far as I know, toward Prohibition. What he says therefore can have no partisan bias in it, and is only extorted from him by cause it is stern truth and justice.

That woman, Mrs. Paxton, has more sense than all the mayors of Lexington put together, in the last twenty years.

She could take charge of the city of Lexington to-day by her lone self, with five policemen such as she would select, at her command, and she would manage the whole town, without a single councilman or alderman, better than this aggregation of thirty

people, consisting with not more than three or four exceptions, of bummers and drunkards, and saloon-keepers, and ignoranuses and dead beats, and technically known as a mayor and council, with a big police force; and she would for less than \$1,000 a year manage the city better than this array of Falstaff recruits would do, all put together.

The people of Kentucky have been under these old political hacks and shysters and demagogues, and a lot of editors that have gone into the editing business because they were too trifling to succeed as type-setters and printer's devils, and under another lot of theological "Pecksniffs" and "Chadbands," until they do not even know what is going on in the way of advancement in the great world around them.

With the "gallant Kentuckian" it is a maxim that "Prohibition went prohibt," and they think it is smart to ding-dong it eternally in our ears, as an apology for the fact that our state is now, to-day, a by-word and proverb in mouths of other people, for drunkenness, lawlessness, ignorance and lagging in the rear of everybody else; when here is the fact admitted by one of their own gang that even a woman can take a good law in her hands and manage all this turbulent element, that we hear so much about, that will not submit to having anybody dictate to them what they shall eat and drink.

I am a married man myself and know what I am talking about.

When women set their heads, you better bet something is going to be done.

I am a farmer and have had large experience in driving pigs. Whenever one doesn't want to go the way I want him to go, and he turns around in the road and puts his head right toward me, I have found out I can economize time by sitting down until the pig sees cause to turn around of his own accord.

Our men are of no account, but our women have grit like a grind stone, and I wish we had one not only as Mayor of Lexington but as governor of Kentucky.

There are a thousand women in the State of Kentucky who could nurse twins and manage their own families, including their husbands, and manage this state better than the present Democratic figure-head is now doing it. They would not be fiddling away their time at a "shindig" when the young bloods were mashing each others snouts, and bunging up each other optics, while drunk-ness and murder are stalking abroad in the commonwealth, and Sunday-School cashiers are robbing all the banks, and murderers walking out of jail in the day time, and walking away without interruption, though one of them had a wooden leg.

We heard before hand that Gov. Brown was going to play thunder in the way of reformation when he got into office. So far I do not anybody to point to anything that he has done except figure at balls, and pardon criminals, and issue a thanksgiving proclamation.

So far as material prosperity is concerned, if these things are controlled by a Deity, Kentucky is truly God blessed; but in every other sense—reverentially and humbly—it is said—it is the most God damned state in the Union.

We are the last of pea time—the tale end of the whole procession; and if some great revolutionary movement does not turn the tide of affairs in Kentucky, a man of any spirit and of any moral convictions would just as soon live in hell—especially in winter time—as to live here. I know some goodly-good fellows will write me some more letters telling me that I ought not to use language in a paper that ladies read that I would not when the destinies of this country hung poised in the balance of fate, and "Light horse" Harry Lee did not do right, George Washington—a man of some reputation in this country—damned him black and blue; and we got there.

I have always had respect for the character of Shimei in the Bible, and yet nothing is said about him except that he damned old David.

If, after all I have said for women, there is one in the state of Kentucky who does not like me and my paper because I don't pol-ib up my utterances in talking about these men, all in the world they have to do is to notify me and the Blade will not shock their nerves any longer.

I am not built of snick stuff as I can talk calmly and in rounded sentences, and rhetorical flourishes of the men who make the laws that make it possible that a Versailles drunkard can sell the cow that his wife bought with the money that she saved

from three months needle work, to furnish milk to her little children, and then the man takes the money to buy a shot-gun and a lot of whisky to go off on a big hunt with.

Men who can calmly look at such laws are not a whit better than that brute who swapped the children's milk for whisky to go into his own hoggish gullet; and men and women who do not approve of these things have got to "tell it in Geth and proclaim it in the streets of Askelon" and of Lexington and Louisville, and all the towns that nestle in the bluegrass of this famous region, until every press and pulpit in this land will be compelled to proclaim the justice and righteousness of Woman Suffrage and Prohibition.

Our Thanksgiving Dinner Guest.

I am writing on the night of Thanksgiving day, in Georgetown. We had the conventional orthodox menu for dinner—turkey and cranberries and oysters, the vegetables of the season and minor *entres*, for first course; then plumb pudding and sauce, pies and cakes and tropical fruits for second course.

My wife sent samples of these out to the neighbors and samples came from the neighbors to us. All of this was nice and neighborly. None of us could afford it often, but as it comes but once a year, the big pot always goes into the little one on this occasion.

But the redeeming feature of the occasion came after we had retired from the table. My wife went to the street door, just as a woman passed by. The woman had on a dirty old slouch hat made for a man, and such dingy, dirty clothes that she would not have been allowed to appear on the streets of some fine cities. My wife had known her years ago when we were first married. Her father was a merchant here, and my wife's father had said to his daughter that in her shopping she must patronize that merchant because he was such a nice old gentleman. A near relative of this woman was a great beauty and had married a merchant prince, and lived and died in great luxury. My wife asked the woman if she had any thanksgiving dinner, and she said no. She invited her into dinner. She went in and was at the table when I had occasion to go into the dining room to look for my hat.

My wife said to me "I am much indebted to the Christian church here, and Mr. Howe (its former pastor) was kind to me without any ostentation." Her language and her manners were those of a lady. She was educated here at the same college with my wife, which was then the most noted by far in the state of Kentucky—nor do I know that there was any better in the west. This woman writes a beautiful hand and the pittance that she now gets is for writing letters for the negroes.

A few days ago the manager of the cemetery told me that this woman had stolen flowers of the graves there and sold them for beer.

I have seen this woman standing about in the business houses here like a man. The people seem to allow her to do so, because they recollect what she once was, and what her nice old father was, and they pity her, and everybody seems to have patience with her.

When I had gotten my hat and started out for a stroll, the first man I recognized as anybody I had ever seen before was riding in a niceturnout with a fine horse, and he had on a fine overcoat and looked comfortable and warm.

I have never seen him to speak to him since he was a poor boy nearly twenty-five years ago.

I saw him come into a store a few days ago. He looked like a man who felt that he was financially solid, was very dignified in his mien, and the clerks inquired most respectfully what they could do for him.

He is a retired saloon-keeper. Now if I did not tell you earnestly about this you would say that is one of those temperance lecture stories; but it is just as I saw it, and I could write you a dozen more worse than this if possible, because they involve horrible tragic deaths, and they are about the finest families about this town.

Maybe some of you remember that I wrote in the Blade some time ago, a piece called "What I can see out of my window," and I gave a list of the fearful things that had occurred within three miles of my country home as the result of liquor drinking, and yet as has frequently been stated in other papers than the Blade, that vicinity is the most distinguished in the whole country.

And yet the other day as old

Bro. W. W. Goddard of Harrodsburg, and I were walking by the house here, where James G. Blaine conducted his famous courtship, Bro. Goddard told me of a sad instance that I had left out of the list of tragedies that had occurred within three miles of my home, within my recollection and of which I had not known. A handsome and popular young man of fine fortune had become desperate from intemperance and blew his brains out with a pistol.

I am going to tell the people of this town something that it seems to me ought to startle them, and which I think I can verify. Whisky has been the immediate cause of more deaths in this town since I first knew it than the war and pestilences of every kind, accidents of all kinds (not including those from drunkenness) burglars, fires, floods, tornadoes, lightning and earthquakes, all put together.

And yet when a Democratic candidate was nominated here by a crowd of men that the Georgetown Times, a Democratic paper, described as a lot of toughs who yelled and fought because they were drunk on mean whisky, leading men from every church in this town voted for him.

On Sundays and several times through the week the church bells clang here until my rustic ear is outraged and disgusted by the clamor, and yet right in the midst of the finest business houses of the town stand the saloons that have wrecked not only this poor miserable woman who took her thanksgiving dinner with us, but standing right in full view of these hell holes were the wrecks of men who had debauched themselves with whisky, and who started life when I did, with fine fortunes and fine families and as bright hopes as any boys in the world.

And yet there are men here who call themselves Christians whose heads are gray and whose feet are pushing clouds over the edge of the grave, who are just as blindly voting to keep up these saloons, as were the people now dead and gone to the devil, who voted for the saloons that ruined this poor woman, and these miserable men years ago.

What can such a people promise themselves? And if we accord to them such principles and purposes as we suppose characterize all civilized people, how can we account for such conduct except on the supposition that they have been deluded by demagogues, until, on this one point, they have not sound reason.

Short but Significant.

LEXINGTON, Nov. 27, '91.
Mr. C. C. Moore.

DEAR SIR—I enclose you check for \$2.00; second year's subscription to Blade. Please send me receipt for same and oblige
Yours truly
W. W. BACE.

That's a loecnic commutation but it is significant. Mr. Bruce is a descendant of the famous Scotch chieftain whose name he wears.

He is one of the brainiest men ever in the City Council of Lexington. He is I think, the wealthiest man in the city, and he has drunk enough liquor to float a stern wheel steamboat.

Mr. Bruce has succeeded in business, but if any Lexington young man is going to start out in life on the supposition that liquor drinking will not do him any damage, I would advise him to see Mr. Bruce, and get his opinion on the subject, before he starts.

The finest Prohibition speech I ever heard delivered considering the time it took to do it, was made to me, by Mr. Bruce.

His Presbyterianism is the regular scotch imported article. He has the brain capacity to appreciate that this city is in the hands of people that are thoroughly incompetent to direct a city of its literary prestige, and if he would just freely say about them what every man of his intelligence thinks he could greatly help to purify the air here. He is a Democrat.

The Way to the Poorhouse. "Is this the way to the poorhouse?" asked one man of another, as he pointed in a certain direction. "No, but this is," answered the other, as he pointed to a whisky flask sticking out of the inquirer's pocket. The answer was surely very correct. The whisky bottle is what drives many people to the poorhouse. It makes them neglect their business; it steals their earnings; it gives them bad habits; it clothes them and their children in rags, and robs them of their daily bread. Yes, and at last it robs them of their very souls.

To Drink is a Crime Against Posterity. Of 600 cases treated for inebriety at the Fort Hamilton (N. Y.) Inebriates' home, 255 had one or more relatives addicted to intemperance. Dr. Norman Kerr, of London, has treated 1,500 cases of inebriety, and of these he was able to trace a family history of intemperance in 748 cases.

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Novelty Suitings, the rarest and oddest of patterns, new entirely and pleasing to the eye; prices below actual anticipation, ranging from 50c to \$1 per yard. A new line of spring shades of Henriettas just opened, new colors, no change in price in spite of the additional duty on them.

WASH GOODS. Just received and put in stock a quantity of fine Zephyr Ginghams, all new patterns and coloring, modest pin stripes and checks, Scotch plaids and neat stripes. They are quoted at 30c; we have marked them at 20c per yard. A full line of dress Ginghams in new designs, estimated to be worth 15c; our price is 10c.

LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR—SPECIAL SALE. Forty dozen Children's Muslin Drawers, six button holes, patent facing, at 10c a pair; worth 20c.

Ladies' Mother Hother Hubbard Gown; good muslin, well trimmed at 55c; they are worth 85c.

Ladies' Muslin Drawers, "Fruit of the Loom" Cotton, deep hem and tucks above, 25c; worth 40c.

Ladies' walking skirts, deep Cambric ruffle, at 40c; worth 75c.

New Spring Hosiery for Ladies and Gents. We were fortunate in securing many cases of Ladies' Cotton, Lisle and Silk Hosiery, in both black and fancy, prior to the going into effect of the administrative bill, and our prices thereon will show how these early purchases benefit our customers.

Ladies' regular made fast black Hose, regular price now 35c; we still have them marked 25c.

Ladies' black and colored Lisle Hose, worth 60c; We still offer them at 40c.

Ladies' fancy striped Cotton Hose, boot patterns, costing you now 40c; still marked at 25c.

TOILET ARTICLES.

Colgate Turkish Bath Soap, a full dozen for 50c; 4711 Glycerine different sorts at 42c per box; Espey's Cream, genuine article, 20c; Vasaline, in bottles at 10c; Ammonia, for household purposes; only 10c per quart bottle.

KAUFMAN, STRAUS & CO.

Wants Prohibitionists to make Converts Among the Negroes.

HARRISBURG, Ky., Nov. 22, '91. Mr. C. C. Moore.

DEAR SIR—I have been receiving and reading the Blade for some time, and have not paid a cent. I enclose the amount of one year's subscription, \$2.00, and with it I offer the following which you are at liberty to use as you please.

Most temperance advocates seem to confine themselves to the white population.

But before I go too far with you I must say I am with you in any kind of a fight against whisky. But I do not believe there is a saloon-keeper in the world who would not abandon his business at once if there was no demand for his wares. Then how to decrease the demands is the all important question. Why not every preacher proclaim the evils of strong drink and the advantage of Prohibition—not temperance—at every "meeting."

Then let every good woman who is interested in the welfare of her family and the happiness of mankind in general, reach out from the narrow path in which unfortunately, most of our women walk—and gather into the fold of society any youths who are yet pure who will come.

Most poor boys would gladly accept complimentary tickets to the theater of society; but although they may have been better trained than their rich neighbors sons, they are, by reason of their comparative poverty, excluded from the so called "best society."

Rich peoples' children usually enter society from a standpoint of wealth. They need nothing else to give them prestige.

But the poor intelligent father cultivates the manners and morals of his boys, and takes—like the Republican voter in Kentucky—the "slim chance" of victory.

As every person seeks companionship (even the animals seek it) the "runner" for the saloon has but little trouble in allying these poor young men into the den of damnation, the saloon.

Once in the saloon they are made to feel that their company is appreciated. They are complimented on their personal appearance, and the selection of their clothes, and are flattered by the saloon-keeper until they think him a great fellow, and in a short time their pocket books and lives are both at the mercy of the saloon-keeper.

Saloon-keepers as a class are "hustlers," and they all have drummers. Many of these drummers are old sets without money or friends, who were once drummed themselves, by an older set when they were young. Now they drum unconsciously, and without contract or compensation save an occasional drink.

The saloon, unlike society, is wide open to all comers, and when one is denied admittance to the social circle, he knows that no candidate is ever blackballed at a saloon.

Teach the women to bring the young people into some kind of a fold where they will be sheltered, protected and armored against the attacks of those treacherous leeches, the drummers for the saloons.

The population of Kentucky, like the most southern states, is composed largely of Negroes, and they as a class, drink, and if every white man now living in the state of Kentucky were void of any appetite for whisky the saloon-keepers could still do a lucrative business selling to the blacks, and their hustling ability would soon enable them to do considerable business among the whites.

Why not "gather from the hill side and rally from the glen," and fight the terrible foe with any and all the weapons at command?

The blacks were used to fight a far less dangerous foe than the one against whom the Prohibition party has declared war. Then why not arm them with education, encouragement, advice, everything but social and marital equality and among them with good recruiting officers and enlist them in the cause by comparing the one room hotel in which they live surrounded by their ragged ill-fed children, to the mansion in which the saloon-keeper lives, and the extravagance of his family. Then aid them in forming temperance societies of their own, and when once they are properly equipped they will make good soldiers.

Let the Prohibitionists send out missionaries, as it were, to convert the heathen. What is more heathenish than to be a whisky soaked debauchee, or a witness to the awful wrong and not attempt its arrest.

Don't fight the saloon-keeper. He deserves some credit for being brave enough to indulge in so hazardous a business, and for being business man enough to make it a success.

Make the fight after the plan through which the Christian religion is disseminated. Take something better to the poor deluded worshippers of Baecchus. They, like the foreign heathen, will be ready to abandon their folly as soon as something better is presented. I'll admit that it is sometimes very difficult to get persons to see, when their more refined sensibilities have been

paralyzed by alcohol. If the Christian people who claim—privately, not publically—that they espouse the cause of Prohibition would work with the same untiring zeal that the saloon-keeper does, they might expect to accomplish something. The saloon-keeper has money in view and he is up, in the morning by 4 o'clock, and rarely ever lags in his chosen pursuit until 2 or 3 o'clock at night. The Christian people, if the Bible is true, have something more valuable than money to inspire them in their fight against whisky, for it is written that "No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of heaven."

Therefore, from their standpoint they would, if they spent their time in saving souls, be worthy of a crown which money can not buy. If there is anything in the world that I like better than Prohibition it is consistency.

Respectfully yours, J. H. HENDERSON.

I am still a Betting on the Buzzards.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Nov. 23, '91. Mr. C. C. Moore—I commenced to receive your paper some time ago and do not know when, and don't know by whose order, and don't know how long it has been coming. It came sometime before I took any notice of it. However I send you check for \$2.00.

Please look at your book, and if there is any balance due me, please give Bro. L. H. Freeman, of Danville credit for the balance.

Yours, N. J. McDaniel.

Of course I believe in these old Elijah ravens. You remember that Bro. Freeman said he liked my paper, but he was poor and could not pay me for it for a while, and that I must not send it until he could pay for it, and I said I would send it anyhow, and that the "ravens" would bring me the money for it, and sure enough the next mail a man named Wren—another kind of a bird except that he does not know how to spell his name as well as the other wrens—sent me \$7.00, and one was for Bro. Freeman, and now Bro. McDaniel wants to pay for it.

But let me tell you something that beats either of these. A poor widow woman dressed in black came to me and paid me \$2.00 for her own Blade and wanted to pay for Bro. Freeman's. Don't that look like the "ravens" were getting in their work? You better bet.

Now if about forty of you good Christian people don't get mad, and say I am trying to ruin the Christian religion I will explain that story about Elijah and the ravens.

Elijah was a nice old man. He voted with the Prohibitionists and hated the Democrats worse than snakes, and the Republicans couldn't fool him.

He was stumping the state for good honest religion, and he got strapped, and some poor man named Raven, in Hebrew, like my friend is named Wren in English, or some poor woman dressed in black, stunk him—or rather stunk him—and gave him the bread to go with the steak. It's all poppycock about his being a snout raven that flies around I've seen plenty of ravens in Europe, and they are nothing in the world but old Kentucky crows putting on foreign airs because the nabobs "munch" them, and you know these old crows are the stingiest birds in the world. One of them would not give you a cracker, if he owned a whole bakery and you were starving to death.

Now when I have got my hand in I am going to tell you another story about old Bro. Elijah. He got a mighty good one on those heathens that were bullying him about his theology. You recollect the heathen were bragging on what their old wooden gods could do, and Bro. Lijj countered them for a trial. Bro. Lijj said to them that he would build a pile of wood to his God, and the heathen should build one to their gods, and they would each put an offering on it and ask his god to send down fire from heaven to burn it up, and the man whose pile of wood was burnt up was to have the belt. The heathen saw it was a fair deal, and they could not back out.

But Bro. Lijj had a good scheme. He told the heathen that they might split up pine-wood boxes and stick in their wood pile, and he would pour water all over his, and his wood would burn better. The heathen said it was a go. So Bro. Lijj made them stand over by their own wood pile, and he brought bucketful after bucketful and poured all over his woodpile. Then he ran his finger down in his vest pocket and pulled out a watch—he carried them to fight his pipe—scratched it on the seat of his breeches, and stuck it in his woodpile, and it flashed all over before you could hit your eye. The heathen just threw up the sponge and said their old god was a regular fake, and that Bro. Lijj was a hully boy with a glass eye.

You recollect that Bro. Lijj gayed them, and told them their god had taken his shot-gun and

gone a snipe shooting, or was taking an after dinner nap, and they ought to pay louder and wake him up.

Now you don't understand about that pile of wood burning with all that "water" on it; do you? Nay verily.

There was not a drop of water in Bro. Lijj's buckets. It was all "headlight" coal oil.

Bro. Lijj knew about coal oil and the heathen didn't, and they didn't know about matches either, and the old man just clear got away with them.

Real my book "The Rational View," and it will explain all those things to you.

I credited Bro. McDaniel's money on his own account.

You can read that story in I. Kings, 18:33.

"Why, in the Name of Common Sense Don't They Act?"

LEXINGTON, KY., Nov. 18, 1891. DEAR MOORE—Enclosed please find check for \$2.00 for the Blade another year. I like the Blade because it is sharp and cuts keen. We can't work with dull tools. When a surgeon wants to cut a man's leg off he must use the Blade, and if he doesn't use the blade the leg will not come off.

If we want to curtail the infernal run traffic we must do it as the negro preacher wanted the Lord to curtail the devil.

He said, "O Lord cut it close; right smooth off up to the very end."

Did you ever hear about the cow boy that said he could lick any man that would make hay?

When the hay makers got a prize fighter into their ranks they challenged the cow boy for a fight. The first round the cow boy received a blow upon the neck, and he sat down on a log. When time was called he had both hands up wiggling his head. He said, "I don't believe I want to fight. I want to find out what's the matter with my neck."

When the Presbytery of New York was trying Prot. Briggs for heresy they asked him if he wished counsel. He said, "No I can defend myself."

After Prot. Briggs had given them a broadside in the shape of a two hours speech, the Presbytery concluded they did not want to fight—they want to find out what is the matter with their creed.

Prot. Briggs had too many guns for them; and for the peace of the church they did not want to fight. The secret of the whole matter is that the creeds must go.

If everybody would take the Blade and vote the Prohibition ticket it would add to the health, happiness, intelligence and wealth of mankind.

The above is a simple statement of facts that everybody knows, but why in the name of reason and common sense don't they act?

Yours truly, JOHN YOUNG.

I give it up Brother; ask me something easy. I suppose there never was a more thoroughly irrefutable statement than that "off everybody would vote the Prohibition ticket it would add to the health, happiness, intelligence and wealth of mankind." And yet the great body of men in Lexington who are otherwise sensible men, regard that proposition just like a lot of idiots would do.

The brain becomes weakened by inactivity just as the muscles of the arm do from disuse.

Men have been in the habit of letting political demagogues do their thinking until they have lost the capacity to do their own political thinking and any kind of a splinter of political bias, and cap-trap can come to Lexington and make the average man believe that the McKinley plan to get cheap tin plates is of more importance than the whole liquor traffic, and yet if he has paid \$100.00 in taxes for the year, half of it has been to prosecute crimes and hire judges and police, and pay for jails and penitentiaries and lunatic asylums and poor houses occasioned by the liquor traffic, while in the same length of time he has bought about \$3.00 worth of tin.

There are around every town a lot of hummers who have no business and are of no account, and their only way of attracting any attention in the world is to swing on to the coat tails of one of these local political heroes, and when one of these comes around, these hummers get around him and laugh at his jokes and drink his whisky and smoke his cigars, and then when our hero gets up in the court house, the business of these hummers is to yell, and throw up their hats and get "wild with enthusiasm," and then the orator is gone these fellows are out of a job until another fellow comes along.

And so far as that class of shallow fools is concerned I can understand why they would not want Prohibition; but to answer you why it is that many men who seem to be decent, and moral and sensible let humdrums of that kind nominate their candidates, is more than I can do.

Kicking About my Being a Heathen.

AUGUSTA, KY., Nov. 13, 1891. Charles C. Moore, Georgetown, Ky.

MY DEAR BROTHER—I have just got through reading the Blade received to-day.

We have some good men here to whom I had you send specimen copies of the Blade—Prohibitionists—who, while they, I believe, would like to read your way of putting the Prohibition question, say they could not let such a paper—so irreverent and infidel; that's the way they put it—go into their homes for their children to read. Now brothers I have said also reason with some of my friends when they come to look at what you say about the Christian religion squarely, they must admit that you are about right. No man can extol the life teachings of Christ as you do, and be much of an infidel or a bad man.

On the other hand it makes me, as some others have said to you, feel like trying to be a better man. And that other question—equal rights of the sexes—you are just where I have been from my youth. It has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength.

I have lost the balance of that letter and don't know who wrote it.

The writer does not seem to be hurt by my ideas of religion; but if others are offended by them, we just have to let them be so; that's all.

No one man can write a newspaper to suit everybody, and the man that tries to do it won't suit anybody that has any sense. I am no saint nor anything of that kind—don't expect to be, and don't especially care to be. I have known a few saints. They always look like they would do very nice in heaven, and I always wish they were in heaven; but for any practical utility on earth or anything more than mere ethical ornamentation, I don't think they are of much force.

But when it comes to the theory of religion and my politics, I don't think anything about it; I simply know that I am right.

The paper called the Kentucky Methodist exhorts with me.

It's eternally harping on getting to be "sanctified." Sanctification is played. It's a back number. It's not the stuff for the emergency.

It just tickles one of these old whisky soaked politicians to see a man trying to put down the whisky damnation with the "sanctification" racket. Praying against the liquor traffic will affect it just about as much as the Pope's bull did the comet. It just swags its tail and goes ahead.

This country is as thoroughly over-run by a horde of roughts and toughs and bummers and thugs as Southern Europe was over-run by the Goths and Vandals. Political thieves and religious hypocrites are as thick as flies in dog days, and what we need is bold open defiance and opposition at these fellows.

If praying does any good at all, it is only when the man has done all he can do himself, and asks God to do for him something that ought to be done, and that he can not do himself.

Why She Couldn't Take the Blade.

WINCHESTER, KY., Nov. 20, '91. DEAR C. C. MOORE—I shall have to ask you to discountinue your paper to me. My sage crop was a complete failure this year.

Our "Sally mull"—whose disposition can not be relied upon—kicked my Jersey calf in the head yesterday. My turkeys strayed to the neighbors, and theirs happened to have a red yarn string in the gill net, so there were only a few left, and they are only "fitching" six and a half cents. Brandy Cayce, the old gray mare, my Golconda whose wealth was to take me to Europe, has lately "swimmed." Grandma's bank, on account of its new building, fails to declare a dividend, and then McKinley has stuck his bill into my tin milk pail; better'll just go on the same and ask a little more for it, so he won't know by the time I get through with it, which side of his bread the bluegrass luxury is on.

I hope my tale of woe will commend itself to your charity. If not, I think I have a better reason than all these. We are trying to honor God with a better house of worship, and I want to have a brick in it somewhere.

We all wish you and cousin Lucy would come up soon and make us a visit, and I wish too that this be strictly confidential; but I am sure your cousinly pride will keep me out of a bad danger.

With love to cousin Lucy and Annie I am affectionately your cousin,

ANNA B. CRONIN.

P. S. Lillie says please send her a few copies of your paper with her great musical pail in them and she will "remit." I expect it will be O.K.

When I first read that letter I didn't know whether to laugh or get mad, and I am right smartly mixed about it yet.

Col. A. M. Swope told me, not long before he was killed, that that was one of the brightest young women he had ever met; and yet she would rather get a brick into one of these old hard-shell Presbyterial meetin' houses than a thousand rich old hypocritical ignorammuses will help to build, because they think the devil will get them if they don't do it, than help me in my almost single handed fight in Kentucky, against a sin that is a disgrace to Christendom.

Dura old John Calvin; I am glad he is dead, and that Briggs is knocking the stuffing out of the influence he has had on the world.

That young woman's father fought against the gridiron flag with Billy Breckinridge, and Billy being a Presbyterian, is, in their eyes, a "little tin god" that McKinley wants to boost with a protective tariff. That young woman can tell you all about McKinley's tin bill, and all the hundred clap-trap the Democrats are continually pow-wowing over, but I will bet the Bluegrass Blade for a year against a dollar, that she did not know that the finest women in the world from Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and the Pacific Islands, met in Faneuil Hall in Boston, the other day, with Lady Henry Somerset, of England and Frances E. Willard of America at the head of them, all working together to help Prohibition; and they did not care any more for old Calvin's cast iron religion and McKinley's tin politics than the man in the moon cares for a little dog that barks at him.

With different environments—as everybody has to call it these days—that bright young woman would be a Helen M. Gougar, or Helen B. Gardner and would be making her impress on the world; for she has just as much brains as any of them; but, raised up on Democracy and the catechism, she is content to spend her life getting bricks into houses that propagate a religion of the dark ages, in vention by an old seafarer who is in hell to-day, if there is any hell, and who, as Bob Ingersoll says, deliberately matted his coat tails and turned his back and warmed himself by the fire that was roasting Michael Servetus.

A WHISKY NERVE.

ONE TALKS WHAT ALCOHOLIC STIMULANTS WILL DO FOR A MAN.

I saw an exhibition of nerve and pluck the other day which ought to be recorded in black and white. From the cornice of a quiet street in Lexington was suspended a painter's scaffold. They are raised and lowered, as you know, by the painters pulling on a tackle at either end. Few men can look up from the walk at the scaffold, swaying about under the control and the men expertly plying their business, without feeling the flesh creep a little. The breaking of a rope means death to the men on the scaffold and, perhaps, to two or three pedestrians below.

Shortly one of the men lose his balance and fall head-first, the fastenings all have every bone broken.

Three or four of us were looking up from a doorway opposite, when one of the painters dropped his brush and landed about as if drunk. The other cried out to him sharply, and he lay down on the scaffold as if helpless. The man had either taken sick or was overcome by fright. There was no one on the roof.

We saw the other painter look up and stand in an anxious way, and then he crept about the scaffold to his partner. He tried to brace him up it was a failure. He took the shaft of the rope and passed it about him so that he could not roll off and then he began looking up at the scaffold. He pulled the end up about two feet, and then crept down and raised the other to correspond.

There was a lot of ten or twelve feet, and he passed from end to end of the scaffold in an anxious way, and he had elevated it to the cornice and could step off. The other man by as if dead, and was pulled off onto the roof so helpless that he could not stand. He was sitting with his back to a chimney when I got up there, and my dead man's face was ever whiter. He trembled in every limb; his teeth chattered and his eyes seemed to have lost all expression.

"What's the matter?" I asked the other painter, who was calmly adding a little oil to the mixture in his tin.

"New man," he replied quietly. "How do you mean?"

"It's his first time on a swing scaffold," he explained, "and he was foolish enough to take a drink of whisky to brace his nerves."

"And didn't he?"

"For half an hour or so, then it collapsed him, as it always does everybody, and he never got to pieces quick as whisky."

"And by a decent! Most of 'em act this way the first time. You've got to give 'em sharp talk and 'em on or they'll do something desperate."

"And what's that, an all rattled?"

"Shed! I shed my pipes."

And he elaborated merely as he stirred the mixture and waited for another man to come and go down with him.

"How do you feel?" I asked the other. He tried to reply, but his tongue seemed to have lost its power, and after two or three efforts he began weeping like a child. He was utterly unnerved.

—M. O'Neil in New York World.

Drunk Gets Many Intereets.

Mrs. Livermore's assertion that intemperance is greatly increasing the number of the insane is fully sustained by the statistics of prisons. It is not only the predisposition to insanity and the actual insanity produced in the individual himself by the malignant influence of alcohol, but a still greater evil, the transmission of his dangers by the laws of heredity. The children not only of the confirmed alcoholic, but of the moderate drinker, inherit constitutional tendencies to intellectual weakness, insensibility, or even imbecility, while morally their families are liable to be distorted and degenerated. This consideration is one of the complications of the temperance problem.—Boston Traveller.

Good.

Any white man giving drink to an abolitionist or half-breed of any district in Fiji is liable to a penalty of fifty pounds and imprisonment.

THE TEE-TO-TUM.

Here May Be a Practical Remedy for the Drink Evil.

Ancient society lacked one disturbing element—the saloon was unknown. Alcohol was not discovered before the Seventh century, and it is scarcely 400 years since brandy and whisky fell into the list of beverages. The "find" has been a veritable Pandora's box; and the later decades of this age of crusades have seemed with expedients to rid mankind of the evils that have followed in its wake. The saloon stands for all that is cruel, vicious and criminal; and it stands against a world repeatedly organized for its extinction.

Temperance societies have been formed and operated to suppress it. The church has succeeded in making it disreputable. Everybody knows that it is a menace to the nation. Parents fear its enticements for their sons. Economists and moralists vie with each other in denunciation of its open doors. Thrones have been overturned, dynasties have come to an end, revivals have swept the world; but the saloon has weathered every storm, flourished and fattened on opposition, more than held its own in "hard times," and is today the best established institution of modern civilization.

And why? Because we have forgotten that the saloon alone is free and open to the homeless and the wretched poor. Do they want society? Here they must find it. Do they want amusement? Here they must seek it. The saloon is their palace for their dining and reception rooms. Its lights are always blazing, its atmosphere is warm and cheery and good comradeship is never wanting. What wonder that the saloon is popular and impregnable?

The saloon has at last appeared, at least such is the opinion of the practical editor of the Review of Reviews, but it is still confined to England. The one in Whitechapel, East London, is well worthy of note. It stands on the great thoroughfare, and is a large, neat building of two or three stories, very attractive outside and cozy and brilliant within as any Continental cafe. The first floor is a public restaurant, scrupulously clean and homelike, where one might find for his money the best of tea, coffee, cocoa, soup, meats, vegetables, puddings and buns. In one corner is a concert where tea is sold in packages, and the tables average some 7,000 pounds a week.

The second floor is a well appointed hall with seats for 500 people, with a stage at one end, from which addresses are made on Sundays and whereon performances are rendered every Saturday.

The originator of this institution, a Mr. Buchanan, a wealthy philanthropist, and a member of the Church of England, has given it the name of Tee-to-Tum. Already eight have been established in various parts of London, and although the original cost of each was about \$10,000, the first year is far enough gone to assure Mr. Buchanan a handsome dividend on the capital stock.

The problem has been solved in London. Why can't the experiment be tried in each and all of our great American cities? Aye! why shouldn't there be a Tee-to-Tum in every dark and noisy section of New York, Chicago, New Orleans and San Francisco? Think of the brightness they would bring into many cold and desperate lives! How the world sidetrack a long line of yome men on the downward road! And they would pay expenses!

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H. W. ALDENBURG,

ARCHITECT and SUPERINTENDANT.

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